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# Appreciation



A Bank, as well as an individual, is known by its friends. In this particular the Bank of Farmington feels that it has been especially fortunate.

The cooperation and patronage of our customers has been one of the greatest factors contributing to our growth. It has made possible an ever-widening circle of acquaintance and a broadened field of service. For this evidence of good-will the Bank of Farmington wishes to express its deepest appreciation.

We desire to extend our hearty greetings and wish you the season's blessings.

## Bank of Farmington

Farmington, Mo.

WE PAY

Interest

ON

TIME DEPOSITS

### CALLING A SPADE A SPADE: THE BONUS DEMAND

There came a time when the Roman legions, as they returned from the wars, began to demand their share of the loot. At the same time Rome climbed on the sled and started pell-mell for the rocks below, where she arrived in due course and whence she has never returned. This action on the part of the legions, while not the basic cause of Rome's decline, was certainly contributory to it and an unmistakable sign of the times. Her ruin was due primarily to the fact that the race of people that made her great was gradually bred out and finally overwhelmed by inferior races. Similarly the race which has made America great is being crowded out of its own country and sooner or later, unless prompt and drastic measures are taken, will this great nation disintegrate into rotten fragments owned and ruled by hordes of worthless mongrels.

But it is not my purpose in this paper to discuss that big subject of race nor to touch upon the absurd theory that any good can come out of the melting pot. I shall try to confine my remarks to the subject of the soldier bonus, the clamor for which I firmly believe to be one of the worst signs of our time.

When the United States declared war in 1917, the land forces consisted of the regular army and the national guard, both considerably below war strength. Most of the men in uniform at that time were willing to sail for France at once—as a matter of patriotic duty or of professional and personal pride, or of both.

Recruiting posters flooded the country, but Mr. Bryan's millions were slow to spring. True, the non-combatant branches of the army rapidly filled their gaps; and when Congress raised the pay of a private from \$15 to \$30 a month even the cavalry patrol on the Mexican border reached maximum strength. Most of the men who came in with such a rush on this swell, however, were unable to say "home" in English. Be it said to Mr. Bryan's credit that as hard pressed for money as he always was, he did not wait for this raise in pay. The declaration of war caught him at Jacksonville, Florida. I think it was, and forthwith the headlines in the morning papers carried the great news, "Bryan Telegraphs the President volunteering as a private." Now there was a recruiting office at that time in every city of any size in America, and had Mr. Bryan hied himself to the one down the street the sergeant on duty might have called the bluff.

But again, I must not get off the subject; though some day I hope to make a special case of this. I do not know the official figures, nor are they available to me, but I venture to state that the field artillery never reached war strength by voluntary enlistment, much less did the infantry—the "over the topers." Yet many did volunteer to fight, to their everlasting honor, the glory of their country and the pride of their posterity.

The bald fact is, the bulk of the American Army was the result of round-ups personally conducted by draft boards.

The army fought well—bravely, nobly. On the whole, individually and collectively, the conduct of the men was such as the country may well be proud of for all time to come. But the reasons for these things are quite simple.

#### The Units That Fought

The units that did the actual fighting were composed of men in whose blood the racial strain was predominantly Nordic. In fact, the Nordic race has ever produced the fighting man par excellence of the world. Let there be no mistake about that. Right there I have made a statement which I know to be unpopular in many quarters, but whether a statement be popular or unpopular should matter not at all to me so long as I know it to be true.

Another and most excellent reason why the American soldiers made such a splendid showing is that they were organized, trained and disciplined by officers and noncommissioned officers of the regular army. That is another statement that will elicit little or no applause, but just the same all ex-service men know that it is true. In refusing to interfere with Pershing and his staff in their conduct of the war, Mr. Wilson did a very, very great thing, on which no war president before him ever had the nerve to do. The results: political commanders were scarce indeed; the war was shortened at least a year; the saving in life and treasure was so immense that it cannot even be estimated; and there were practically no episodes in this war which wrought disgrace on the prestige of the American arms such as were conspicuous in nearly all previous wars in which the country had been engaged—the stampede at First Bull Run, for example.

At any rate, for a dollar each day and up, with board, Uncle Sam got together several million men to do with as he pleased. They ceased to be individuals and became mere pawns in the great practical and scientific game of war as played by the General Staff. They could not quit the job; quitting would be desertion. They could not strike; striking would be mutiny. Nor could they even threaten to strike for threatening would be insubordination. So with native good sense and sportsmanship they subjected themselves to discipline and played the game, with the result that Germany lay down about a year ahead of schedule.

All this time the boys were away from home and had but little fun and less money. Getting into the army and out and away from the home ties is in itself quite a hardship. There is none other quite like it, and to appreciate the quality of its hardness one has only to test it by personal experience. But, as a matter of fact, the majority of men in the service never reached France at all, and of those that did get across a very great many got no farther than port of debarkation or at farthest the S. O. S. It will be seen therefore that only a minority of the total in the service ever

reached the front, though perhaps a majority of this minority did get through the real mud and on over the top. Ah, but they are the boys! As to that vast majority that never got anywhere near the front lines, it is only fair to say that it was not their fault that they did not, since they were simply pawns in the game and moved only as they were played. And it is just as fair to say that, not having been sent to the front, they really suffered no hardships more serious than homesickness and having to do as they were told every day instead of as they doggone pleased. On the contrary, they were made fairly comfortable and given wholesome and sufficient food. They were fêted, dined, danced with, cheered, photographed, thrown on every screen in the land and then cheered some more. They were Red-Cross-Nursed, Y-M-C-Aided and Socially-Welcomed generally. They were given systematic drill and scientific exercise, and consequently became of more rugged health and stronger day by day. Also, and more to the point, they had instilled into the mat every turn, patriotism, square dealing, self-respect and respect for authority. It is true that most of them left the army better men, more up-standing and self-reliant than when they were drawn into it by the scruff of their necks.

Bonus? They are not entitled to a cent. When we get right down to brass tacks they owe Uncle Sam, and in their hearts they know it. Congress knows it too, but hasn't the cleanstain sand in its craven/craw to get up in meeting and say so.

#### What They Found on Return

But the men up front had a terrible time of it; often short on food and sleep; frequently cold and wet, tired and no place to rest. Any one who has never been cold and wet and tired and sleepy and hungry all at the same time is at yet unacquainted with simon pure hardship. And the mud and blood and brains and mud and mud and mud. Ask any old dough-boy that live through it. Then after all these things an after burying many of their comrades on the field of battle, the braves came back, were mustered out and sent home.

And what did they find? The country, their country for which they had suffered, gone mad. Luxury and extravagance rampant. Ham and eggs, a day's army pay; bread and butter extra. Idles shattered, sex barriers breaking down, feminism and bootleg liquor. Stay-at-homes become wealthy by shrewdness, cleverness and rascality. The profiteer abroad in the land and robbing with ease. They, the ex-soldiers, had been taken by the government and pushed willy-nilly into the army, a kind of service that entailed all the risks of life and limb and at a small and fixed rate of pay, whereas Samuel Gompers and his gang of cutthroat lieutenants had organized another kind of army which they maintained could not be pushed or pulled anywhere without its own consent, or even with its consent obtained, then only at rates of pay hitherto undreamed of in the history of the world. While the soldiers were sleeping fitfully, under wet blankets and hostile bombers these drowsy, undernourished sons of toil were snoring serenely under eiderdown and their own unpunctured shingles. While fighting men were waiting patiently in a damp billet for even a post card from home, these shirking men were waiting impatiently for a fat pay envelope at home. While men in the ranks of the army were smoking a breakfast cigar before falling in behind a rolling barrage, these men in the ranks of labor were smoking an afterbreakfast cigar over the family hearthstone, waiting to fall in behind the eight o'clock whistle. While many gallant boys were adjusting gas masks to their well-chiseled features, some of these lowbrows were waving their hats in the gas emitted from the treasonable platforms of radical meeting houses. While heroes were laying down their lives for their country in a foreign land, these slackers were laying down the law to their country's government in their native land. While the army was striking the enemy for the sake of liberty and democracy, Organized Labor was striking for higher wages for the sake of its own bulging pocketbook.

When the boys returned from "over there" and saw the profiteer and union labor dividing the spoils between them and, at that, squabbling over the division, they became mighty mad. And who shall blame them? Had they but started in then and there to restrain these bandits, and to set them an example in patriotism, the country would be well on the road to complete recovery by now. Instead, their anger turned to envy and

their envy to greed.

The legions are demanding their share of the loot. It is sheer poppycock to call the bonus "adjusted compensation" or by any other high-sounding name that glides so trippingly off the tongues of sleek politicians. That kind of bunce is just as buncombe as a few years ago it was to refer to the draft as "selective service". Let's call a spade a spade.

The soldier bonus bill is nothing more nor less than a written proposal to legalize the wholesale looting of the United States Treasury.

If the veterans of the Great War succeed in getting this bill on the statute books they will have put through a deal that will make the lifetime operations of the Civil War veterans look like puerile pilferings. And would this raid be the last? Certainly not, if we may judge the future by the past. Banditry pays well, and once successfully begun is apt to become a habit. Witness profiteers, union labor and the James boys. Even the watchdog of the Treasury, Congress, has become a cringing cur hunting with the coyotes.

Nothing worth saying was ever saved without sacrifice. That truth, in peace no less than in war, is quite applicable to the case of this Republic. The strength and stability of any nation stand in direct ratio to that proportion of its citizenship that will stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder. Our young men, on Flanders Field; at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, made noble and unselfish sacrifices. Are they now, in peace, quite unwilling to deny themselves these few miserable dollars? It appears so, to their own and their country's shame and to that of their children and their children's children. It is inconceivable to me and I simply cannot, in spite of all newspaper reports, believe that the American Legion is in favor of this thing. I wonder that their members should be willing to dim the luster of their war records with such peace-time selfishness.

But in 1917 I wondered that so many men waited to be drafted and I wondered that their sweethearts did not curl their crimson lips in scorn of them when they failed to volunteer. I am a pessimist; I have ceased to wonder and am afraid to hope. It is a fact that this weak thing we call a man has two main anchors buried way down deep and out to windward: faith in woman and faith in God. When she severs the cable that binds him to her in the bonds of inherent chivalry he, in sheer desperation,

though unconsciously, is apt to cut himself loose from his last hope, the Rock of Ages. Unfortunately, the women have been clipping cables riotously for the past several years. (No, girls, my middle name is not Adam.)

Most of the arguments for the bonus and against it are based on money. Can the Treasury afford to pay it? That seems to be the issue. It is all wrong to discuss the subject from any such viewpoint. It is a matter of principle which goes far deeper than our purses. Our forefathers, the men who founded this Republic and made it what it is, bequeathed to us some things of much greater value than money and the opportunity and ability to make money, among which may be mentioned valor, chivalry and patriotism. Are our ex-service men now trying to convert their valor into cash? Is the chivalry of a soldier a cash of a past generation? And patriotism, that rarest of flowers, hav-

ing its roots deep down in the soil of home and growing to fragrance and beauty only in the pure atmosphere of unselfishness, shall it be cut down and bartered away in the marts of graft and greed? It will be a sad, sad day for our country whenever these questions are answered in the affirmative.—Dearborn Independent.

Walter L. Hensley was recently operated on in the Baptist Sanitarium in St. Louis for tumor, and many old friends in this vicinity will be pleased to know he is sufficiently recovered to be removed to his home.

Our splendid old friend, S. J. Hensley, of Flat River, was in Farmington the last of the week on business. He had but recently returned from a visit with a daughter in St. Louis, and informed The Times he expects to leave soon after the first of the year for Texas to spend the remainder of the winter.



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